

*the*

# *Diamond*



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1963

the

VOLUME

4

Diamond

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## TO OUR READERS...

The soft winds and gentle rains of spring now thaw the frozen ground. Out from their winter abodes come the wild-life to breathe again the airs that will soon give them the warm days of summer. The golden daffodil unfolds in all its beauty to the rays of the new sun, offering a colourful and welcoming contrast to the receding white of winter....

This is the time of year in prison when the greedy-gutted mouse, who nightly feeds to his gut's content of the leftovers on the inmate's supper tray; chomping on the end part of a weiner here, a starchy blue-black potato there—takes to the great outdoors at these first signs of spring: Perhaps in search of a new diet (and to this we can all sympathize).

A time of year when the yard is infested by the baseball fanatics. "So what's a stray ball off the melon?" We once heard the after-effects of one well placed, brought complete rehabilitation to a nasty fellow who actually had been involved with the police. Perhaps the Classification Staff has overlooked this method of approach....

Like the dirty grimy mouse, some inmates would be in search of a new diet—if they could. A diet of lasting freedom. I don't know of a more opportune time of the year for one to be released. In the heart of the imprisoned, the value of freedom reigns supreme mostly in springtime... a time of humble awareness of the simple things in life.

In any event, SPRING has SPRUNG! like the voluptuous starlet, it is literarily busting out all over. We hope it will long last and not be too soon to sag.



## ".... And Call Her Blessed"

The importance of the woman in the lives of men who are serving prison sentences seldom receives any comment. For the most part, these relationships are so sacred and so private, that only the closest of friends will mention a beloved wife, or sweetheart, or mother to each other. In a world and society composed of cynicism, toughness that hides fear, and the terrible frustration that companions the longing to be free, the woman are the symbols of what is good to be desired, of love remembered, of softness unashamed and unashamed softness. This is the only tenderness that may be shown without the compensating show of surface hardness.

You become familiar with the faces enshrined on the shelves as you pass the same cells day after day. You hear the footsteps of the officer stop next door to deliver a letter from the woman in the picture. Your neighbour is to be envied. The letters come regularly and his life is as full as it can get—here.

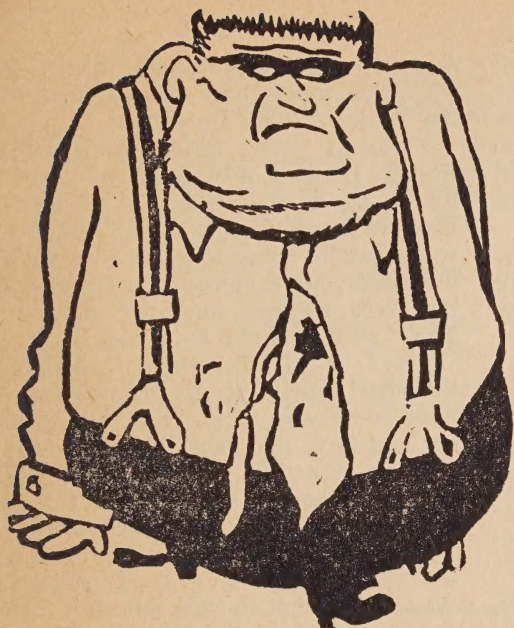
Her letters are usually cheerful things that ease his mind. Even hell is not so bad—if you have someone to share it with you. She keeps the memory of the good things before the family. And maintains a father's dignity with his children. And gives him back his pride.

The time always comes in prison when the will to continue is at its lowest ebb. This is the time when she is strongest. Somehow they seem to know, these women, just when you need their strength and love the most.

All things are known in prison. A man whose wife or sweetheart remains faithfully at his side, when the real hardship falls on her, is a very rich person. He is a man about whom some real good, some real worth, must be present. He does not leave the encysted life of prison to walk into a cold and alien place. Rather, he leaves a cold and alien place for love and warmth.

We cannot imagine anything that could strain the love, faith, and trust of a woman more than losing her man to prison. She becomes the target for the sneers and scorn of the unchristian, the unkind, and the unfeeling. She is not guarded from these things by high walls and iron bars. She must face them every day. Money is not even in it when you try to figure some criterion of worth for such a woman.

There is only one way she can be rewarded. You are the fruit of her hands. She did every day of this time with you. What you become will be the reflection of her devotion.



**Out Of The  
Foliage Swings  
Our Angelic  
Scribe ....  
THE CHURL !**

With Another

## **TORONTO REPORT**

The Diamond's Toronto correspondent is a pulpy slob known as the Churl of Mortgage Manor, who is employed by and occasionally works for The Globe and Mail, Canada's National Newspaper.

The Editor (of The Diamond) would gladly dispense with the churl's services. Indeed, he would be happy to pay a more energetic and intelligent reporter twice the salary received by the churl. The Warden, however, will not permit the Editor to visit Toronto

and engage a more suitable representative. He insists that the Editor is needed at Collin's Bay.

In consequence, The Diamond is compelled to present, along with the Editor's apologies and misgivings, the latest budget from its Toronto agent who, as usual, describes his own peurile adventures and reactions:

As representative of The Diamond, the churl of Mortgage Manor, the half-acre of abstention in the eastern sobriety of Metropolitan Toronto, re-



cently attended a wedding in one of the city's largest churches. When the hostilities were over and an armistice was signed, he came to the conclusion that Alcoholics Anonymous should have assigned a platoon of its most evangelistic recruiters to the event.

The churl is a non-drinker. His uncompromising attitude is the result of sheer stubbornness, rather than any moral (or statutory) convictions.

He enjoys a glass of good wine with a well-cooked meal. Otherwise, he becomes as mellow as his crabbed, irascible nature will permit on a glass of ice-water laced with half an Alkaseltzer tablet. When he uses his own automobile to proceed to and from festivities, he refuses all alcoholic nourishment and becomes abusively indignant if pressed to have "just a short one."

His enthusiasm for formal weddings is somewhat less than lukewarm. Observing that the womenfolk seem to delight in such goings-on and that the churlless is especially addicted to such revelry, he will suffer through them in comparative silence, merely grunting and whimpering now and then. This procedure is intended to indicate to his wife that he would much rather be somewhere else, and that he is undergoing a mild form of torture for her sake.

Thus, late of a Saturday afternoon, the churl and churlless were seated in one of Toronto's more pretentious temples. Incautiously, the churlless pushed well along the pew, leaving space on the aisle for other guests. The

churl was, at first, intensely displeased when the empty space was occupied by the bride's Uncle Lushwell.

Lushwell was rather thoroughly stoned. He is a gentleman who earns his living at the wheel of a truck. Used to conducting many of his conversations in competition with a roaring motor, his comments on the wedding were audible for some distance. They were a trifle indiscreet.

"Hya, boy!" he greeted, banging the churl lustily on the spine with a hard and heavy hand. "Say, le's sneak out and have one, hey? My wife hates me. I'm supposed to be up there with her, but nobody'll speak to me. C'mon, kid, lets you and I hoist a couple."

"Ah, quit yer griping, Lush," replied the churl. "This is a good program. Whaddaya want to walk out on it for?"

"S a lotta crap!" Lushwell declared, dogmatically.

The churl shrugged. He was beginning to find the situation amusing.

Not so the churlless. She gritted something bitter and inaudible into the churl's right ear, which he interpreted to the effect it was all his fault Lushwell was making a display of himself.

The churl turned to his ever-loving wife and gave her a stony stare.

"Shut up!" he instructed. She subsided. The churl then applied his vague knowledge of abnormal psychology to quieting Uncle Lushwell. He was aided by the church organ, which burst clamorously into a wedding march.

The bride swept regally up the aisle. Lushwell burst into silent tears. Mistaking his neighbor's emotions, the churl ventured an opinion.



"She's a good-looking kid," he stated.  
"Everybody hates me!" Lushwell assured him.

"Aw, now Lush!" soothed the churl, "that isn't true! I think you're cute. Now be a good Joe and take it easy until this pow-wow is over."

Tears streaming down his cheeks, Lushwell gave the churl a grateful squeeze on the left arm. His ham-like paw left purple bruises which faded in a fortnight or so. The remainder of the ceremony was comparatively uneventful. Once or twice Lushwell observed "S a lotta crap!" but offered no supporting evidence.

His journalistic training in worming his way through crowds stood the churl

in good stead when the service was over. Piloting the churless with a firm grip on her elbow, he left Uncle Lushwell standing in amaze, wondering where his pew-mate had gone. The churl and churless were first out of the church parking lot.

At the reception, the churl discovered the bride's father, too, was comfortably anaesthetized.

"Churl, ol' boy!" burbled the father of the bride, "what'll you have?"

"Ginger ale!" snarled the churl.

"Now, come ON!" urged his host. "Have a drink!"

"I NEVER," stated the churl in an icy and plangent voice, "drink when I have to drive. I'll have a ginger ale."

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## HOUSE OF INCARCERATION DEBATES

1st. Session, 20th. Parliament

Bill No. G - 1189

Lowly Inmate: Would the illustrious Inmate Committee please give some consideration to the idea of proposing to the administration the purchase of heavy-duty springed mouse-traps as part of cellular equipment to alleviate the nightly invasion of the bacteria-infested mouse.

Illustrious Committee Member (The Major):

No. As a matter of fact, emphatically, irretrievably, No. You would only eliminate a happy diversion for the inmate. Too many find it a joyous experience to corner the mouse and with the fanatic waving of a boot, have him die from palpitations of the flesh.

# EMOTION

IN THE

INMATE

The public always sees a distorted image of the imprisoned. Really, only an inmate is capable of seeing the virtual image. Yet the inmate contributes little thought to such things, being as he is, too concerned with his own immediate problems and the immense and overall problem of serving his sentence.

Still, the inmate is human. He is not very much different from any other human. People only think he is.

That the inmate is a person is an esoteric theory developed by the advanced humanitarians. To most people he is something apart from both humans and animals. Perhaps a non-entity, but not quite. When people think of inmates, they think of them being "there", in some foreign place, "out of sight, out of mind". They think of them as a milling mass of degraded beings. They think of them as almost anything but average human beings, possessed of human weaknesses and strengths.

YOUR

PRISON

COUNTERPART



In each person's mind, as a rule, all criminals have the same features and characteristics. They all look and act like some demon of the imagination.

That the inmate is a person capable of emotion, that he can be exposed to intensified yearnings for love and recognition is one aspect that is rarely considered, either by the public, the officials, or the inmate. Psychologists and their ever-increasing relatives in the social sciences recognize the impact of the imprisoned person's emotions. They are the enlightened few.

That an inmate is capable of thinking is a concept that is just beginning to receive public acceptance. There is still a long way to go. And there is a need, if the public is to understand the inmate, to consider his feelings.

Admittedly there has been too much sympathy seeking by the imprisoned in the past as, in many places, there continues to be. Most inmates however, are willing to admit that things could be a great deal worse. At the same time the public should take a critical look at prison life. Having done so openmindedly, they should be honest enough to concede that, even though the offender may deserve his end, and needs to be ostracized from society

for the protection of society and the possible correction of the man, prison life is not an easy life. Too many people have a tendency to look upon it as such.

Looking at prison life one must not fail to see the multiple frustrations, large and small, that the inmate must encounter each day. See the dreadful reminders of guilt—the grey walls, the bars, the hand of authority. See the regimentation and suppression, and try and understand the effect that it has on a human being who, knowing he is wrong and deserving of it, must accept it. See the frequent frustrations arising from the suppression of a ready retort to a harsh, unjust, or unreasonable order. See the concealed desire to revile stupidities. See the million molecules and moulds of loneliness, the nervous restraint, the doubts concerning the future. See into the inmate. See the terrifying doubts—success or failure—acceptance or rejection—pleasantry or pain. See crushing guilts struggling with contritions and rationalizations. See the suppressed passions and the haunting memories.

See all these. Then, and only then will you see the true image of the imprisoned.

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The Diamond would like to apologize to Rev. F.M. Devine, S.J., for an error in his article "The Resurrection of Christ" which appeared in our last issue.

A sentence in the second paragraph of the article should have read as follows:

"And they do stand unshaken, for on the third day Christ truly rose from the dead."



# HALF-WAY HOUSE

## A SOCIAL DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER FOR EX-INMATES—

### A CHANCE TO GO STRAIGHT

"The key to success," the speaker was saying, "is to get the ex-prisoner a job soon after his release."

There was an attentive silence throughout the Chapel as the distinguished-looking Windsor clergyman delivered his straightforward message; his tone was brisk but his words had a warmth of sympathy and understanding. Reverend T.N. Libby, founder and executive director of the newly established Half-Way House in Windsor Ont., spoke as guest and friend to the inmates of Collin's Bay—also as the founder of the first Half-Way House of its kind in Canada.

"A Half-Way House is a home, not an institution, where a minimum number of men after being paroled can find a job and receive room and board," said Father Libby.

The idea of a hostile-type home occurred to Father Libby as the "key" solution to the complex problems facing ex-inmates upon release. It was his belief that to secure an inmate in a job as soon as he is released, to occupy him immediately, recession to his old way of life would seldom happen. Statistics issued by Half-Way Houses in the U.S. have confirmed Father Libby's preachings; reports from Illinois indicate that the repeater rate amongst the discharged prisoners is in excess of eighty percent. In the same state the repeater rate amongst discharged prisoners who have been paroled to a Half-Way House is approximately twenty-eight percent. A spectacular saving of human material and the taxpayer's dollar!



Father Libby encountered some difficulty in establishing the hostel. Financial assistance and public reluctance to accept the idea confronted him immediately. However, his unwavering perseverance and complete faith, faith in the inherent good in all prisoners and faith in the members of the community, made success a certainty. He knew that once the public had some knowledge of the desperate struggles of many ex-prisoners, they would understand and assist. After his campaigning, they did. The House first gained support from the parishioners of Rev. Cannon G. Ruskell, rector of All Saints' church. From this a steering committee was organized to investigate the purchase of a suitable house.

#### ABOUT THE DIRECTOR

Rev. T.N. Libby, executive director of St. Leonard's House, Windsor, was born in Windsor and received his elementary education in a rural public school. He graduated from Huron College, London, with a L. Th. (Licentiate of Theology) degree. An ordained deacon in the Anglican church, he served in several churches before his present appointment as curate assistant of All Saint's Church, Windsor, which position he holds along with the directorship of St. Leonard's. He received the B.A. degree from Assumption College, Windsor, and later the M.S.W. (Master of Social Work) from Wayne State University.

St. Leonard's House opening was a quiet one and several weeks had passed before neighbours became aware of its function. Those who at first resented it, soon began to take notice of the heart that went into it. The first occupants painted, decorated, and gave the House a complete buffing. After a while neighbours would appear with a cake or pie for the men. Social service volunteers in the Woman's Auxiliary of the Anglican church accepted the responsibility of preparing dinner each day for the guests.

The length of a man's stay varies from six weeks to a year. In that period he receives guidance and understanding at all times. Employment is found as soon as possible for each guest and he is expected to pay his way in the House as soon as practicable. But employment and paying his way are not enough. The causes that put a man at odds with society in the first place are probed by a trained case worker, and to the extent possible, the parolee is made to understand his problem. When this is accomplished, the case worker assigned to him, undertakes the task of removing the feeling of institutional dependence (that is a result of prison life), and replacing it with the self-reliance necessary to fit a man for community life. Father Libby has remarked, "the most essential possession an ex-con needs to integrate with society is self-respect. Without it no one can go anywhere."

Experience has shown that spiritual guidance is often, if not always, a necessary element in assisting a man through this difficult process. But most

of all a Half-Way House demonstrates to a discharged prisoner—that someone does in fact care for him. He also sees that others who have had his problem have been able to make the grade and take their place as useful citizens in the community.

In St. Louis, St. Dismas House—under the guidance of Father Dismas Clark—better known as “The Hoodlum Priest”, (on which the motion picture was found) is outstanding as an example of what can be done in this field. There are many other Half-Way Houses in the States, including three founded by the Attorney General of the United States, Robert C. Kennedy. Mr. Kennedy’s findings were equal to those of Fr. Libby’s and in announcing Half-Way Houses last year he stated, “We have found that the first three to six months after release are critical: Too many youths are unable to find

work. They go back to the streets and before long...to the court.”

St. Leonard’s House Windsor, now accommodates nine men; unfortunately, there is not room for more. All who apply to St. Leonard’s cannot be admitted. But it is hoped by Father Libby and especially by prisoners aspiring for a chance to start life anew, that other denominations and members of other communities will take up interest to support this vital programme. The astounding figures given on its recidivist rating will substantiate the inmate’s true willingness to go straight, if given a chance.

Father Libby had something to offer the inmates at Collin’s Bay. He had a ray of hope; a light through the dark tempest of the manifold griefs facing the criminal offender: He had a Half-Way House.



When an article ends a considerable length from the bottom of a page *the Diamond* usually inserts what is commonly known in the publishing field as “filler”. Here we have an example of such a case: The above article was too short to bring to the bottom of the page so we merely inserted this filler. Filler can be interesting, or it can be a rambling of nonsensical thought. But the primary purpose of filler is to fill the open spaces in the pages, which we have just done with a few words of nothing.



# Human Relations Course

## " HELPING THE INMATE TO HELP HIMSELF "

Last month a Human Relations Course commenced in this institution under the direction of a Classification Officer. The course layed out by the officer consists of twelve three-hour sessions spread over a period of two and a half months. The purpose of the course is to engender confidence in the inmate to associate with and meet people in spite of any handicap; to get the most out of his personality.

The course is conducted in one of the new school rooms and during each session all students are called upon to speak two or more times. Since, in the first lesson, the topics were to centre on events in their personal experiences, the class started off with huge success. However fabricated the stories did seem, all speakers were able to capture the interest of their audience—which is the whole essence of the programme.

"Be yourself and people will listen to you. We all have something of interest to offer our fellow man; no two of us are alike." These are some of the exhortations preached by the instructor

in effort to instill in the minds of his students to abstain from imitating others. A great personality on this subject once wrote: "That we are unlike any other person who has come and gone before and to whom no one will be exact in the future, should give one incentive to feel special and thereby communicate with endowed interest."

Attitude was all-important in the selection of inmates for the course. Those who appeared to be indifferent to the central theme of the programme, tantamount to saying; "Here I am. Let's see what you can do for me," were excluded. This being that more benefit could be achieved by the class on the whole without any unnecessary interruptions. However, the selecting was also arbitrary, although necessary. The class was limited to twenty-five, so perference went to inmates close to release. The instructor hopes that the enthusiasts who were turned away because of this will make application to enroll next year.

In addition to the normal course of

study, the class has been invited to sit in on group lectures, comprised of school and school correspondence students. These sessions are headed by (free-world) professors, office managers etc. and with each new visitor the class looks forward with renewed interest.

There has been comments already by some members of the class that the course is definately changing their personality and consequently is developing a fresher perspective on life for them.

### FOUND IN THE MAIL BOX

Dear Momma Mia:

Theesa is truely tha goldena lend. They breeng me to a beega place with greata walls of stones alla round (so's I not be bothered wee tha peddlars and peoples who alla time trya to sella me somtings) and they geeva to me my own prevate room, weeth running water (alla cold, somting musta been broked ina the pipes cause there never any hota wata) but anyways, they geeva me thisa leetle room wetha nice bed-kinda hard, but nice (musta be some crookes here, though, causa they gooa my bed bolted to the wall: you theenk they donta trust me, mabye?) And theysa got thesa men in the blue suits to looka after me, they opens the doors for me, and keeps the peoples outsidea from breaking into thisa fine place, and theysa looka afta me good, even walk up and downa in fronta my rooms alla night so no one can bother me while I'ma sleepa: but thesa is funny mans, alla times they is countingk, they counta in morin and they counta at noon and they counta at night alla times they looka and counta, I tink they must lose somting.

And theysa feeda me here (I thenk itsa feed) three timsa day Isa getta thisa tin tray alla covered with (UGH)

feeda (for dinner I hadda nice hard, beans spotted with white sauce froma pudding and some nice colda dish (oops) tea, so itsa not the Waldorfia, in facts its not evena the beanery, but its free—and theys give me a nice job—breakin rocks—boyoboys ama I getting gooda at my job, one swing witha my sledga hanma and booms—lotsa leetle rocks (I wonders though, what for theysa want alla theset leetle rocks?) And theysa geeve me nice browna pants and a blue shirt and everythings, with numbers all over so I wonta loose them, and theysa evena washa them for me heer—and everys cuple a weeks theys geeva me money-ies to spend on meselfs, foolish like (and theysa says ifa I be reel goods theys gonna give me a raise, boyoboy-oboy I canna hardly waits)

Momma Mia—youa tella my brudder Tony—hesa better hurry ups and come over heers, I gotta rooma all reddy for hima, but I cannt hold onto it too longs, people like thees placu so much they keep havink to throw somes out and getting new ones in, but I gonna stay, they not gonna gets me outta here, no sireeee.

Bye for nows  
Giuseppe



# OUR WORLD OF BOOKS

T. Bergin.

## Exposé



CURTAINS DRAWN

ON

BOOK-DEALER'S

HIDE-AWAY



I don't care who you are, if you have never visited a library, you're not as good a man as you might be. But I'm on safe ground, because what man, woman, or child has not, at least once, rumaged through those familiar piles of old dusty adventure books? Very few indeed. Why, just hunting for, and finding the book is half the fun: its an adventure in itself.

And that's one of the reasons why we at Collin's Bay Penitentiary were very grateful when the library doors were finally thrown open to the inmates for the first time since the prison was built some thirty years ago. Its a good feeling: its good to be able to walk in there and pick and choose, to reject or accept. No more lifeless catalogues to examine in search of a book and no more library cards to be checked off with a number. And no one will miss them.

Our hats are off to all those responsible for bringing about the change from the 'good old days' to the more humane and enlightened system of today. They deserve our thanks.

Getting the library opened to the inmates was a big step in the right direction...but what are the books like which are on the shelves?

On the 21st of March, the day the library opened, I went in to see what was on the shelves. Now usually when a person is looking for a particular book, he runs his eye along the titles on the spines of the books: but our book-shelves looked like a stock market quotation board. Numbers..numbers everywhere. The only visible titles were on the Encyclopedias and the Bibles. Hundreds..thousands of books numbered in white paint with an average of four digits to each cover.

Prison inmates are not the most patient people in the world and so their frequent outbursts of frustration could readily be understood. I moved along the book-shelves: stopping now and then to ask a book-fan what he thought of the library and its contents. Some of the answers were amusing and I will deal with them later.

From a spot somewhere between the sixteenth and the twenty-first book-shelf of History, I caught sight of Mr. C.R. Smith, the school-teacher, who was on duty in the library. I went up to him to get some facts straight. Our chat lasted about thirty minutes, during which time he answered every question I put to him: there was no bobbing or weaving. I asked him if he considered the library up to date.

"No, I'm afraid the library is not up to date. For example, there's about 20 percent of the inmates (90 men) enrolled in Vocational Training, but the supply of up-to-date technical books is very low. It should be remembered that Collin's Bay is primarily a vocational institution and the number of up-to-date books, should at least, be in proportion to the percentage of inmates in training."

"Do we have a full-time librarian?" I asked. "and if so, what are his chief duties?"

"Mr. Hogeboom is officially Educational Supervisor, but he also doubles as librarian. In this capacity he is responsible for the selecting, buying and censoring of all books coming into Collin's Bay. He must also keep the library running efficiently."

"Mr. Smith", I said, "there's a lot of talk among the inmates about a 'room at the back' of the library which is supposed to be full of all the latest novels and thousands of pocket books etc. Is there anything to all the talk: and just how many books are there, if any?"

Mr. Smith smiled at the question but answered it.

"Mr. Hogeboom, while doubling as librarian must censor all incoming books. Naturally, with all the work entailed in running a library and with only one man doing all the censoring, a back-log is inevitable. As to how many books there are in some of the cabinets: well, I suppose about two or three hundred."

"Are most of them sex books?" I continued.

"I really don't know. But I would imagine that very few of them are."

That evening and for two succeeding ones, I spoke to 45 inmates about their views on the library. Forty-five may sound like an exaggeration, but its only fifteen for each day. All 45 had very definite opinions about their library and how it should be managed. Two of the men I interviewed complained about the haphazard method of checking out the books but added that they found the library well stocked.



The other 43 said just about the opposite. That the checkers were behaving like little Caesars; so meticulous and commanding etc., but that the books were old and very few good modern authors: that the bound volumes were, for the most part antiquated.

"Have you seen the dates on some of those magazines?" they asked, and... "Don't mind your little survey, get that back room opened, then we can all have good reading."

"But there's only..."

"Never mind the excuses. just give us our books and we'll do the censoring."

For my own peace of mind I checked the dates on the magazines. Some were dated 1962, but a great many went back to 1937..38..39..40 and on up to 1962. Some of those magazines were older than the inmates themselves. I took a count and there were 622 magazines on the shelves, but there may have been that many again out on loan.

And the books! Well, I may be out a little in my counting, but using the library catalogue as a guide, I counted 6002 books of all descriptions and languages, including 131 Bibles in six different languages. There's a great imbalance as to the number of books allotted to each subject. For instance I counted 28 full shelves (approx. 420 books) of History books, dealing with early Canada, the U.S.A. and England, but only six books on Psychology,

one of which was dated 1896.

Many inmates complained that the level of the average novel was about three or four grades above kindergarten. This may or may not be true as I didn't have time to check all the books, but I later ran through the fiction shelves and while I noticed some Steinbeck and Nevil Shute works, there was a marked absence of most of the current popular authors.

If the front office ever decided to appoint Field Marshal Montgomery as our full-time librarian, chances are we would end up with nothing more than a brilliant array of every conceivable manual on the strategy of war, covering defense, attack, retreat and the conduct of prisoners of war. Its only human to lean towards the things we like. Book-shelves invariably reflect the likes and dislikes of a one-man board. I mentioned above that our small library boasts 28 shelves of History books...from this I would assume that some past librarian or our present librarian is an amateur historian. I must admit myself that if ever I were unlucky enough to be a librarian, the shelves would be crammed with Plutarch and as many French authors as I could lay my hands on.

We must realize that it is next to impossible to maintain a balanced variety of books with only one man doing all the selecting, buying and censoring.

## CORRECTION HALL

The dews of summer night are soon to fall;  
The moon? a winning ruler of the sky,  
Shall silver the walls of Correction Hall  
And many a bar that stands nearby.

Now nothing is heard of the cry;  
The sounds of the existent life are still.  
Save that of an unhappy man's sighs,  
That issues from those lonely dwellings.

"My Darling!" He cries: "Is this my token of your love  
That you so oft have sworn to me,  
To leave me in this lonely place  
Immured in shameful privy?"

"No more you come with true love's speed  
Thy once beloved Venus I saw,  
Is she alive! Is she dead!  
I fear humbly, I am the same to you."

Thus, sore and sad that man did grieve  
In Correction Hall so lone and drear.  
And many a heartfelt sigh he heaved,  
And let fall many a bitter tear.

And now the dawn of day appears,  
In Correction Hall so lone and drear.  
Lost in a remote and forsaken region,  
Void of time, and terror stricken...



## ODE TO THE RUNNER

Breakfast at seven, a shave and a shine  
All set for the day and you're looking fine  
Pencils and papers in disarray  
Looks like it will be a busy day  
Up the stairs and down the hall  
With a cheery smile and a "Morning yo' all"  
This guy goes out, have you seen the file?  
Where're the work sheets, they were in this pile.  
Over to the Accounts and then  
Down to the Canteen, Mr. Lundy's my friend.  
Hey, Mr. Wells, do you like a good joke  
I'm two days behind and the typewriters broke  
I've got to run and it's nearly ten  
Don't bother Mr. Snider, he'll tell you when  
Mr. Peacock strolls in so nonchalantly  
He has won at darts, it's easy to see  
Did you pick up that coat, are my trousers pressed?  
That fellow leaving tomorrow, is he going west?  
Have you seen Mr. Steele, he's wanted on the phone  
Get Mr. Hawley before he goes home  
Hey Tiger, have you typed out that paper, the one that's red  
Boy these feet are killing me, I think they're dead  
See Mrs. Stone for the classified work  
You forgot the Hospital, you silly jerk  
Run this coat to the tailor shop  
When you pass the kitchen don't bother to stop  
No time for a snack or coffee to-day  
There're seven newcomers on their way  
Stop in at the Deputy's, pick up a pass  
Ask the Padre about this early mass  
Sweep out the office and mop the hall  
It's nearly 4:30 so for today that's all.

F.M. MORTON

# CHILDREN AT COLLIN'S BAY

On December 18th, the Toronto Globe and Mail ran an editorial entitled, "Children At Collin's Bay." We choose to answer the editorial at this time because of the forthcoming Easter Visit and because it has created considerable interest among many of the inmates.

The editorial dealt with the recent Christmas visit allowed the inmate and his family in which the family was permitted to enter the prison, attend the chapel service, and later spend two or three hours with his guests in the auditorium. The Globe commended the warden and staff for their enlightened approach to penology. However, it also stated that the children should have been restricted admission into the confines: that no matter what the relaxed custodial operation was for the day, the "concrete custody (the wall) could have produced a traumatic effect upon the child."

How Do You  
Feel About  
Children Visiting  
Collin's Bay?



In our opinion the Globe editorial was well-meaning, although slightly exaggerated. In this world we can only understand what we comprehend, and to fully comprehend we must have intimate personal knowledge or experience of the situations or things we try to understand. Anything other than this is to surmise—and to surmise, is not to know. We would like to make it clear that the original plan was designed to permit three special visits a year; One of these visits would include children.

We trust the following letter submitted to us will add support to our claim as to the Globe's exaggeration and thus allow our readers to feel the step taken was a step in the right direction; a step in progress:

....The editorial in the Globe & Mail of some weeks ago criticized the judgment of some Penitentiary officials in permitting children to visit their fathers in the institution on chapel Sunday. Fear was expressed that ill-effects to the children might follow, on seeing their father in such a humiliating position, and even that the children might easily undergo traumatic experiences from such a venture.

To me, there is a slight, but very slight possibility of these dire effects being realized. Children have been visiting their fathers here in prison over the years, and, to my knowledge, no report has been received showing any depression or any other mental misfortune befalling these young ones.

Carried to its logical conclusion the editorial in question should prohibit all children from ever visiting their fathers. The inevitable result of this

cruel measure would be that the father, not only would be deprived of his inalienable right to manifest his devotion and affection, but later upon release would be obliged to return home almost a complete stranger to his children and an intruder into his own family.

In conclusion, to quote Virgil: "Ab uno disce omnes". A father here was regularly visited by his wife and his two lovely young daughters. He was serving eight years. No ill-effects at all, and the family is now living happily together. These two little ones, coming monthly with their mother, could easily have been the rivets that held that marriage bond intact. And there has never been the slightest hint of a traumatic reaction in either of them!

F.M. Devine, S.J.,  
Catholic Chaplain.

....The practice of children visiting has been a recognized privilege for many years but such visits had to take place in the visiting room.

We put much emphasis upon the welfare of the family and therefore children have some consideration. This is especially true in the Christmas season, when special recognition and consideration is given for the visit of children as an integral part of the family.

Canon Minto Swan, D.D.,  
Protestant Chaplain.

....The editorial is correct in saying that "Canada has lagged behind some European countries in adopting penal practises which are reformatory and not purely punitive and a relaxing of stern prison routine at Christmas is a step in the right direction." But to

follow this up by implying that allowing children to visit their imprisoned fathers for one or two hours of one day a year could cause a traumatic effect, is simply near-sightedness and evidence of insufficient details.

A 2-year inmate would normally serve 16 months of his sentence and therefore only one Christmas in Collin's Bay. He lives, works and properly behaves himself to have that one day out of his whole sentence, when he can relax with his wife and children. They walk together from the reception area to the chapel—they pray together: later eat together; all infinitely happy. How on God's earth can anyone, if he has sufficiently studied the situation, state that the children are being used as "medical instruments?"

The Globe and Mail further refers to the penal authorities as "experts afflicted with a sort of restricted vision." These "experts of restricted vision" include many eminent psychiatrists and psychologists, experienced penal authorities from all over Ontario and many other dedicated social workers who have spent years developing this new approach to penology.

Two hundred years ago English editorials were howling about the "restricted vision" of John Howard, when he advocated improving the living conditions of prisoners. His critics prophesied dire consequences should his suggestions be put into practice.

Thank goodness for such men of "restricted vision."

An Inmate (Father-two children)  
....I take exception to the Globe and

Mail editorial which intimates that children were used as pawns. I question the editorial and wonder if the writer is an expert on Child Psychology or Penology.

Fortunately for the family incarceration, Collin's Bay has contributed much in solidifying these relationships and furthering the paternal interest of those in seclusion.

In my opinion, a child is only as good as its parental environment assisted by Christian Faith and family prayer. The old saying "a family that prays together, stays together" is very apt. Thanks to a few enlightened people, a new approach has been taken in an effort to show to society that crime can be curtailed and alleviated by the utilization of every facility at their disposal.

#### An Inmate

The inmates submitted four other letters but lack of space prevents us from including them.

The Diamond appreciates the concern The Globe and Mail took in the welfare of the children. Such interest indicates that the public is to some degree mindful of the present advances in penology. It is only by airing the advantages and disadvantages of any new project that a happy medium can be reached. This happy medium could be the "Globe's" suggestion that the cooperative prisoners be taken outside the prison walls to attend Christmas services with their families in a free church; but under the present circumstances it might also be the system we are now trying.



# SPORTS

by Geo. Krachen

## Soccer

Despite the fact that our 'stately estate' here on the shores of Lake Ontario has been submitted to the coldest winter in memory, our soccer season got off to a good start under the leadership of its new Commissioner and Outside Sports Director, George Deschene.

With C.B. ground still caught in the frozen mitt of winter only a sufficient number of players could be mustered to make-up three teams. These three teams are: the Bombers, the Green Gales, and the Dynamos. A list of the players and their respective positions is offered you on the preceeding page.

Attendance so far this season has been comparable to the temperature in which the games have had to be played. Usually ten to twenty brave the elements and venture out to the open bleachers to view the mayhem.

Unlike our Basketball League, no outside teams enter our walled-in-Astoria' to take part in our League. In seasons of the past they did. However, their teams far out-classed ours and inmates being inmates, decided that if they could not win they would at least draw their 'pound of flesh'.

Outside teams have since refrained from joining in our merry-making.

Since our Soccer League consists of only three teams there was no problem making the play-offs. The Bombers, who finished the season atop the League were given a bye while the Green Gales and the Dynamos, who finished the season in that order, faught it out for the right to meet the Bombers in the finals. The Green Girls, oops sorry, I mean Gales—emerged from the semi-finals victorious. The Dynamos did however, put up a good fight. Unfortunately, having still to blend and revealing a lack of determination when the pressure is unfolded in the stretch.

It would seem to be a pushover for the Championship Bombers, parading such notorious stars as Roy Harper, Jim Armour, and Carl McDougall. However, manager Julius Selegi can be far from confident about winning the title, as Red McDermott has managed to knit his team into a tremendously effective force of power. However, it will take an all-out effort on each player's part to beat the Bombers, for their defence is the best in the League.

It is a well known fact that they are capable of lightening breakaway raids, revealing a depth of tactical thinking hereto unknown in C.B. football. (The preceeding sentence was meant to be jocular).

Sticking my neck on the block, I look to see the Bombers defeat the Green Gales. My reasons for choosing the Bombers are: they are more orthodox in style (ha) and are a little more adept at ungentlemanly conduct. Oh! Also, Red McDermott struck my name from his roster. This is probably the main reason.

The Diamond would also, at this time, like to pay tribute to George Deschene, who has done a magnificent job this year as Outside Sports Director. If not for George, the soccer season would have been short lived. (See George, we remembered).

### *The Collin's Bay Soccer League Ten Leading Scorers*

	G.	A.	P.	PTM
Julius Selegi	25	18	43	2
Wally Antler	16	11	27	0
Jim Hutchinson	21	3	24	2
Roy Harper	13	7	20	14
Bill Kerr	6	10	16	6
Phil Menard	7	7	14	12
Bela Kiss	7	6	13	8
Mike Holditch	5	8	13	8
Jack Shieman	6	5	11	16
George Miller	2	7	9	6

### *Penalty Leaders*

Red McDermott	(18 min.)
Harold Moore	(16 min.)
Carl McDougall	(12 min.)
Jack Shieman	(12 min.)

### *Rookie of the Year*

Roy Harper

### *Most Valuable Player*

Julius Selegi

### *The Collin's Bay Soccer League*

Bombers	Green Gales	Dynamos
<i>Goal</i>	<i>Goal</i>	<i>Goal</i>
Joe Monar	Red McDermott (Mgr)	Jerry Walsh
<i>Defence</i>	<i>Defence</i>	<i>Defence</i>
Jim Armour	John McBain	Nick Lekkas
Rice Riley	David Rodgers	Mike Turchinski
Carl McDougall	Fred Simms	Ray McLean
<i>Half-backs</i>	<i>Half-backs</i>	<i>Half-backs</i>
Roy Harper	Jake Jakobsen	Chuck Westrand
Don Sanders	Russel Gorden	Doug Fraser
<i>Centre</i>	<i>Centre</i>	<i>Centre</i>
Julius Selegi (Mgr)	Jim Hutchinson	Jerry Naugler (Mgr)
<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Forwards</i>	<i>Forwards</i>
Bela Kiss	Phil Menard	Mike Holditch
Pete Monar	Bill Kerr	Jack Shieman
Bob Robertson	Benny Cocoran	Wally Antler
Harold Moore	John Singleton	Tom Bergin
	George Miller	





**FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Terry Crockett, Kirk Sherwood, Andy Robillard**  
**BACK ROW: Steve Benning, Roy Harper, Pete Bilby, Chuck McCarthy,**  
**George Gouthro, Bill Pierce, Steve Madaris, Harry Masicotte.**

## NEWS FLASH: RED WINGS WIN

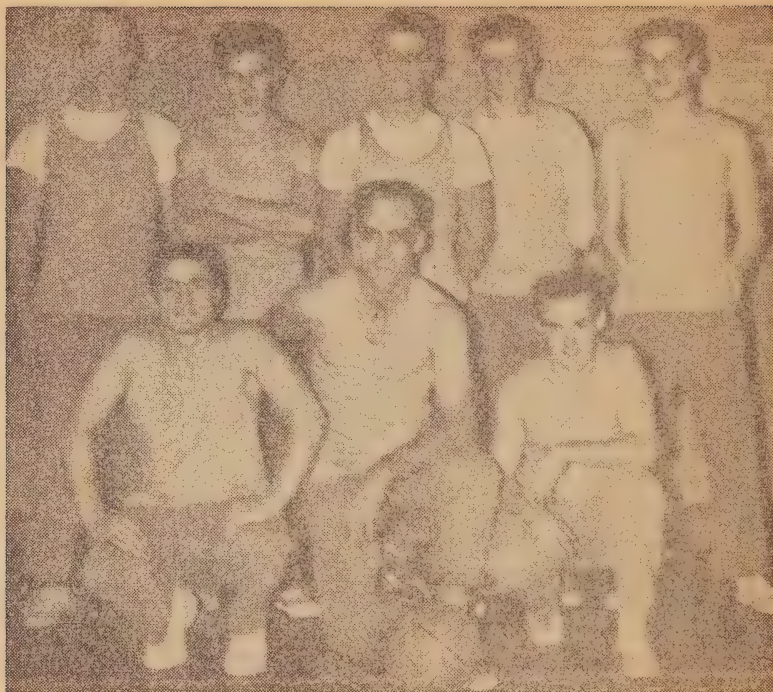
In a hard fought battle, Red McDermott's Wings came through to take the 1962-63 Floor Hockey Championship. In the best three of five series the play went four games; the Wings earning three, the Leafs mastering one.

In the first game, the Leafs trampled the Red Wings 11-3 giving such an impression that few doubted they would not go all the way and push the Red-Dogs into the floor. Much to the Leafs dismay, the Wings came back off the

tile to win the next three straight: 3-2, 9-6, and 4-3.

The big uns in the series were; Walsh, Clarke, and Jakobson of the Leafs, and Robillard, McDermott, Krachen, and Madaris of the Wings.

With the season over, we can now categorize some of the players; Most Gentlemanly—Benning and Muzylo: Most closed-mouthed Preston: Biggest Stumblebum—Lonsberry: Cutest—Druce: Meanest—Reilly: Shiftest—Harper: Shortest—McDougall: Skinniest—McDougall: Funniest—McDougall: Most Reptilian—Jakobson.



**FRONT ROW, Left to Right: Bilby, Preston, Kerr.**  
**BACK ROW: Young, Richardson, Krachan, MacDougall, Phillips.**

## NEWS FLASH

The Lakers emerged victorious in the Hoop finals. Unlike their opposition, the Lakers had the dogged resistance which sustained them during moments of scoring inertia. Fine play flourished in Krachen, Ritchardson and

## *BOMBERS WIN AT SOCCER* NEWS FLASH:

Sparked by the brilliant fott-work of their manager-captain, Selegi, the high-flying Bombers swept the best of five series in three straight games. The only thing that we can say in the Green Gales behalf is that the three games were all won by one point in overtime

## LAKERS WIN BASKETBALL

McDougall throughout the series; they were very adept in their ball handling.

Luvanna, Berry, Kidder, and Brown, while excelling for the Celtics, just couldn't out-maneuver the Champion Lakers.

periods. Outstanding players for the Green Gales were Hutchinson, Kerr, Menard and McDermott, while the Bomber guns were Harper, Armour, Riley and Selegi.

Many thanks should be given to our Inmates Committee, along with Mr. Edmonds for arranging to have chocolates distributed to all the winning teams.





# H U M O U R



At a party, one of the men approached a couple who had recently moved to Pittsburgh from the deep south. Addressing the wife, he asked, "Are you one of those southerners who are still fighting the Civil War?"

With an amused twinkle she replied, "Not unless fired upon, suh"

The blacksmith placed a horseshoe on the anvil and said to his assistant: "When I nod my head, you hit it."

The funeral will be this afternoon at three o'clock.

Two hipsters were standing in front of a tavern when a space ship landed in the street and a Martian stepped out. He was dressed in a plastic hat, green pointed shoes, a purple shirt, and orange phosphorescent gloves. "Take me to your leader," he demanded. "Never mind that jazz," the hipster said. "Take us to your tailor."

The charge against a man appearing in the Domestic Relations Division of the municipal court was wife desertion. With impressive earnestness, the defendant faced the court and said: "Judge, if you knew my wife like I know her, you wouldn't call me a deserter. I'm not a deserter. I'm a refugee."

Two beatniks were driving down the street in a car, going like to Nowheresville.

Driver: "I'm gonna make like a right. How's it on the other side, man?"

Passenger: "Like man, it's clear except for a dog."

The driver whacks the turn. Big accident, many ambulances and later in the hospital: "Like, I asked if it was clear! What's with the dog bit?"

Passenger: "Like a Greyhound, man."

Did you hear the one about two drunks who were walking down the railroad tracks? As they were walking along one drunk says "This is the longest stairway I've ever climbed." The other drunk replied, "I don't mind the length so much, it's these low banisters that kill me."

"Just look at me!" She nagged. "My clothing is so shabby that anyone coming to the door would think I was the cook."

"Not," replied the husband, "if they stayed for dinner."



America's Foremost

Mystery Writer

ERLE STANLEY GARDINER

Talks About ....

## THE FORK IN THE ROAD

For some time, I had been hearing about Judge James M. Carter, the United States District Court Judge in the San Diego district.

People who are in a position to know had told me that he had some rather unusual ideas in the field of criminal law, that he was putting them into practice, and I should go down and take a look.

So Sam Hicks and I went down and took a look, and I'm certainly glad we did.

As a rule, there is a great gap between the thinking of the judges who pronounce sentences, on the one hand, and that of the penologists who must administer these sentences, on the other.

Time after time, I've asked various Wardens, "How many of the judges who pronounce sentences on the prisoners have ever visited your prison to see what conditions are like or what a prison sentence means?"

In virtually every instance, I have had the same answer. "Not one."



There is a certain peculiarity in the thinking of legislators and judges. They are prone to think in terms of five year multiples.

Many judges passing sentences will say five years, ten years or twenty-five years. That's the way many of the laws are written.

Penologists, on the other hand, tell me that virtually every prisoner, except the most hardened inmate, goes through a critical time when punishment has done its work. It is during this period that the prisoner should be released.

If a man is released to soon, before remorse has had an opportunity to do its work, before confinement has had an opportunity to exert a sobering influence, he's going to go right back and get into trouble. If, on the other hand, a man is kept too long, the period of remorse gives way to a feeling of bitterness, he's pretty apt to go right out and start committing more crimes. He has become an enemy of society.

These stages vary with the different individual. Penologists would like to see very much more careful appraisal of the individual made before sentence is passed, and penologists would like to have a very considerable latitude in the time of sentence, so that men can be released during this critical period when punishment has done all the good it can do and before the period of bitterness sets in.

Then, of course, we must remember that one of the main purposes of punishment is to act as a deterrent, to discourage potential criminals who might otherwise violate our laws.

There's a delicate balance here: How much punishment is enough to act as a deterrent upon others; how much is needed to cure the individual of yielding to lawless impulses.

If we make our punishments too little, they are valueless. If we make them too great, we hamper rehabilitation.

These are things society must constantly keep in mind—for its own good.

People who have violated laws are still people, human beings who react to their experiences.

Too many judges don't pay enough attention to the individual prisoner, but only to the statute. They think, as I have pointed out above, in multiples of five years. If the prisoner isn't given five, he'll get ten; if not ten, probably fifteen or twenty.

It is almost impossible for a man who enjoys freedom, with all its perogatives, to realize what it means to be deprived of that freedom. Perhaps the closest analogy we can get is in the case of a man who has had to go to a hospital and has been confined in a room for two or three weeks. He has only to press a button and a good-looking nurse comes to find out what he wants. He is given the best of meals, the best of care. Everything is done to make him

comfortable. Yet, at the end of the second week, that man would tear the place apart if his doctor changed the release date and imposed another two weeks of confinement.

A man in prison has none of the advantages one enjoys in a hospital. He lives a dull, routine, treadmill existence. In many cases, the food is neither particularly good nor particularly tasty. Starches take the place of proteins and there is a drab, monotonous sameness about the meals. In place of a cheerful outside room, a man lives in a cage—a rather narrow, cramped cage, as far as human needs are concerned.

Punishment is the best crime deterrent we have been able to find, so far, and it's going to be a long time before any acceptable substitute is found. However, when we start thinking about curing crime in terms of punishment we get into problems that aren't solved too easily.

So I was very much interested in seeing what happened in Judge Carter's court.

We watched fifteen cases, fifteen separate defendants brought up for sentencing.

When Judge Carter pronounced sentence in each of these cases, it was done with all the dignity of a justice of a court. Yet somehow, in every sentence he passed, the judge managed to explain the reason why society must resort to punishment.

Sitting up there in his robes of office, he represented the majesty of law, but he also represented real justice, justice tempered with a very human consideration. It was apparent that he had given considerable thought to each case that came before him, and there was none of the holier-than-thou attitude nor the bitter, vindictive attitude which so many prisoners resent.

However, the thing that I want to tell you readers about is what happened *after* the sentencing.

Judge Carter had the defendants all brought into his chambers after court had adjourned. There, the judge divested himself not only of his robes of office, but his coat, as well. He sat there in his shirt-sleeves and he talked to these men as individuals and he talked man to man.

He said to one individual, "I hesitated a long while before giving you probation. I don't know whether you can make good or not, but I'm going to give you a chance. Now here, apparently, is your trouble. Here's what you've got to guard against. Your record shows that you can get along all right for a while, then you get with some friends and have a few drinks, then the first thing you know, you've gone haywire. You want to get in a car and go for a joyride. There's nothing particularly vicious about what you do, but this is the second time you've broken the law."



"You got along all right while you were married; then you and your wife were divorced and you started having trouble. I want you to know that I've taken an interest in your case, and your probation officer is going to take an interest in it."

"Now, don't make any mistake about these probation officers. They're not cops, they're not judges, they're not jailers. They are people society has trained for the purpose of giving you help. Remember that, and see if you can't co-operate with them and get back in the groove."

Then the judge turned to another individual whom he had ordered to prison. He looked him straight in the eye and said, "Now I couldn't give you probation. I had to send you to prison. The reason I'm sending you to prison is because I think it might do you some good. It can do you a lot of good if you want it to."

"You're going to a federal prison. That's not like a county jail and it isn't like a state's prison. You're going to find some opportunities there for advancement, if you want to take advantage of those opportunities."

"If I had given you probation, it wouldn't have done you a bit of good. You can't make it by yourself. You're going to need help. You're going to have to have somebody help you with your discipline until you've learned how to discipline yourself."

And so, on down the line, the judge talked to each person frankly, as an individual, as a fellow human being. And then he said to them, "Now, look, I want you people to keep in touch with me. All of you. You fellows who have been sentenced to prison, I want to know how you're getting along. Write to me, keep in touch with me. I have volumes of correspondence with people who have been in my court. A lot of them are making good; some of them I've been able to help."

"And you people who are on probation, if you run into any problems that you can't solve with your probation officer, if you get into any situation where you feel it will do you any good to come in here and talk with me, I'll find the time, either after court or before court, and we'll sit down and talk it over."

"That's all, boys, and good luck to you."

I watched those men as they filed out of the judge's chambers. I heard one of them say, "That's the first time the law ever gave me a break." One of the men had tears in his eyes.

Those men had come to a fork in the road, and a wise, a humane judge had helped them get their feet on the right fork.

More judges with this outlook, this genuine interest in the people who pass through their courts, would do an enormous job in cutting down crime.

People who go to prison wouldn't start serving their sentences with a bitter hatred of society which is almost inevitable when the sentencing judge has the attitude of vindictive self-righteousness, when his manner says as plainly as words, "All right, my man, you've transgressed against society; now society is going to get even."

We have a lot to learn about punishment and about how to solve the whole crime problem. We had better start with the idea that we're all human beings.

How a prisoner feels toward society is going to depend a whole lot on how society feels toward the prisoner. If society has been vindictive toward the man after he has been apprehended, sentenced and imprisoned, that man is pretty apt to feel vindictive toward society after he gets out.

If the prisoner is made to feel that society regards him as a human being with problems and would like to help him solve these problems, the prisoner may start trying to solve them.

I remember one federal judge told me he'd be afraid to enter a prison. "Too many of the men I have sent up would be laying for me," he said.

Judge Carter has a different idea. He does go into the prison frequently. "A lot of my boys are in there," he said, "and I want to see how they're getting along."

There's a lot of food for thought in that statement.

It's high time we gave more thought to punishment. If punishment cured crime, if every man who was sent to prison as punishment were cured of criminal tendencies by confinement, we could close up the majority of our prisons.

Most of the men who go to prison are the ones who have previously been sent to prison. Some people say, "All right they didn't stay long enough to learn their lessons. Make the sentences more severe. That'll teach them."

This is the legislative philosophy we've been following for the past fifty years. Does it work?

The answer is stark, statistical and frightening. It doesn't work. Our crime rate keeps rising.

Judge Carter is doing a great work and, in my opinion, is pointing out a new approach to an age-old problem.

When society has an erring human being in its power, when it has to punish that human being for a transgression, society should remember that the man, who has taken the wrong fork in the road, has his feet put back on the right path.

# LETTERS

## TO THE

## EDITOR

Dear Editor:

In your 3rd issue you presented us with some criticism by inmates on our new library. The one by Mr. Anonymous sort of riled me. In fact I am frothing at the mouth as I dote on it now. In the first place only a very small minority of inmates are known to abuse books. The trouble is we cannot find out who they are, otherwise we could rectify the situation ourselves. For these few addle-headed objects, must we all be judged as simpletons? I am surprised that you as editor allowed such idiocy to be printed. The fellow who signed it *Anonymous* must have known it to be also, otherwise he would have revealed himself. Or maybe he was worried about something else.

C. (muscles) Malone.

Editor's Note: *Judging from the tempestuous vain of your letter, I would think he was worried about something else. One must try to keep in mind that we are all individuals and subject to different lines of thought. We*

*must respect another's opinions, for who will respect ours?*

Mr. Shrag:

Your article entitled "Sentences" was a tonic. Its like a breath of fresh, clean air when a writer comes along and puts a little back-bone and a lot less whining and complaining into such an article. Mr. Vincent Smith is very probably serving a tougher sentence than most of the inmates at Collin's Bay when you consider that he must sleep with his warden every night.

I have a happy ending to the two tales Mr. Shrag, (I'm not being mean) Couldn't we arrange a divorce for Mr. Smith and then put him in touch with Mrs. Gallant who would truly appreciate him?

An Inmate

Dear Mr. Shrag:

The tales of hardship and woe you used to present a comparison with the serving of a prison term does not compare. There is no comparison. No woe



is greater than the day-in day-out soul-killing drudgery of prison existence. These people you write of work and struggle for purpose. We pass through each day for the meaninglessness of another. Separating those days are the unbearable nights, wondering about our loved ones and what they are doing at the moment. We know that they are human, but we are masters at masking the truth of them being in another's arms. But this is the price we must pay, although an almost insane one. No, Mr. Shrag, the hardships of the street, no matter how severe, has one compensation and one that makes it a haven to prison; you have freedom to move about.

An Inmate

Dear Sirs:—

I would appreciate having a subscription to your magazine The DIAMOND forwarded to the following address:

Yours very truly,  
Nelson Corbett,  
Secretary-Treasurer,  
Metro Toronto Police  
Association.

P.S. Would appreciate some comments about the Metro Toronto Police in one of your issues...from a human interest point of view.

Editor's Note: *Thanks for the dollar, its good to see your interest. Your request is of a delicate nature, however, give us time to work on it.*

Dear Editor:

Never have I read such hogwash in all my life! Your wit, erudition, and sagacity may inherit extreme idiocy as applied to your lousy verbal flower-ing.

Fredrick Hopenshammer.  
Weston, Ontario.

Editor's Note: *Thanks for your renewal. Only, your monetary stipend is a gesture which lends a tinge of capriciousness to your conviction.*

Dear Editor:

I wish to cancel my subscription. Circulating throughout this turbulent existence, and the book shops, we infrequently discover a creature of articulation with the necessary components to catapult his readers far beyond the influence of the awesome mandates of destiny, a writer who, because of the terror and tempest within him, is able to raise people above the greedy tenacles of obscurity, enabling them to hitch their wagons to the stars: Such a person was your former editor, who spouted during his rare, yet vital outbursts on the reasons and purposes governing our earthly existence. And now he is no more, save all-pervading to my fond memories. Life seems to hold little meaning to me any more. All seems dead.

Carol Hoskotch,  
Stratford, Ont.

Editor's Note: *Ya, I guess all that would be hard to match. Your name has been crumpled off the list.*

# THE DIAMOND

Founded 1951

Written, edited and managed by the men of Collin's Bay Penitentiary, with the sanction of Commissioner of Penitentiaries Allan J. MacLeod.

It is the aim of **The Diamond** to reflect the views of the inmates on pertinent topics and to help bridge the gap between the prisoner and the public, as well as to provide a medium for creative expression for the inmate population of the prison.



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Mr. Fred Smith



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The "makings"  
of a fine cigarette!



Famous for mildness  
and fine full flavour!

ALWAYS FRESH IN ½ LB. TIN AND HANDY POCKET PACK!